

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLE FOUNTAIN, PA.

BETSEY AND I ARE OUT.

BY WILL M. CARLTON (A Farm Dialect)

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout; For things at home are crossways, and Betsey and I are out. We've had to work together so long as man and wife Must pull in single harness the rest of our natural life.

SOCIAL BARRIERS SWEEP AWAY IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

White Mayors, Senators, and Representatives Dancing with the Colored Elite—White Ladies Dancing with Colored Gentlemen.

envelope bearing a huge monogram. I took it and read as follows: HEADQUARTERS COMPANY B, SECOND REGIMENT, S. C. N. G., March 28, 1871. The pleasure of your company is respectfully solicited at the second annual ball to be given by Company B, of the Second Regiment South Carolina National Guard, at Janney's Hall, Columbia, on Saturday evening, April 1, 1871. By command of JACON THOMPSON, Captain Company B.

SCENE AROUND THE HALL. Saturday came, and with it the martial display so summarily checked by the Governor's order, and which was designed to preserve the peace of the city. Notwithstanding the fact that the Second Regiment's drill and parade were thus suspended, the preparations for the ball of Company B, went actively forward.

AS GALLANT AMONG THE LADIES. He is very popular, and many a coal black eye brightened in intensity, and many a dusky countenance blushed as the ponderous Captain smiled and escorted the ladies up the steep staircase. He was assisted in this delicate duty by the lieutenants of his command.

SEVERAL WHITE LADIES WERE PRESENT, and evinced by their actions a full determination to break down the social barriers which have so long existed between the two races. The colored ladies present did not in every instance respond as cheerfully and cordially to these well meant efforts as they might have done.

WHO WERE THERE. Of course where so many were present it was impossible to get the names of all. The more prominent of the guests, however, I knew, and hence I was not at a loss for information.

SENATOR J. Y. P. OWENS, of Laurens county, was also present. The Senator is not enjoying good health, and believes that the atmosphere of Columbia is much more wholesome at this season of the year than that of Laurens. So he is at present journeying here. The Senator did not dance a great deal. He is suffering from consumption, and violent exertion is more than he can

stand. He is a white man, but is received in colored society upon terms of perfect equality. When dancing, the Senator invariably selected the Lancers, as that figure requires less skill and exertion than any other. He danced frequently with

THE BEAUTIFUL MISS ROSS, who were present, and who were, of course, the belles of the evening. The Misses Rollin were accompanied by the white Senator, McIntyre, of Colleton, who is the fiance of Miss Charlotte Corday Rollin. The Senator, who is a very small man, was attired in a full evening dress of black, and in his button hole bloomed a rosebud which had been plucked by Miss Lotie. The Senator was decidedly the most graceful dancer on the floor, and won unbounded admiration by the skill with which he executed some of the most difficult pas seules. The Misses Rollin of course attracted more attention than any other ladies in the room.

MISS LOUISA was arrayed in a crimson satin, trimmed with heavy folds of the same material. She also wore a light gauzy overskirt dotted with red roses. Her dress was cut low, displaying her neck and shoulders, which were beautiful. Miss Louisa was the most admired of either of the young ladies and received many attentions from the colored officers, who vied with each other for the honor of her hand in the different sets. She danced constantly and looked exceedingly attractive.

AMONG THE WHITE LADIES PRESENT, and one that attracted much attention for her beauty and elegance of attire, was Mrs. Coviesart, the wife of a Northern man, a merchant in this city. Mrs. Coviesart presented a lovely appearance. She was dressed in plain white, with flowers and jewelry.

THE END OF THE BALL. The festivities were kept up until a late hour in the morning, when with a tired and weary look the guests departed for their homes. Company B's ball was considered a very great success. The attendance was select, and the affair was certainly very enjoyable.

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UNCLE JOSEPH at once joined in the festivities. Seizing a remarkably handsome young colored lady by the hand, he claimed her for the next dance, which happened to be a Varsoviense. Uncle Joseph is a superb dancer. He always and rocks in his gyrations like

a cotton ball in an autumn wind. He is very fond of Varsoviense, Uncle Joseph is. He says its gentle undulating motion is graceful. Uncle Joseph does not always like the Virginia reel. He says it reminds him too forcibly of his younger days, when he used to dance around the auction block, in search of the likeliest and most saleable young "niggers." (Uncle Joseph still speaks of negroes as "niggers.") He says that is one of his early habits that he cannot break.

A CARPET BAGGER AT THE BALL. Uncle Joseph had hardly glided off before a thin, cadaverous-looking man, with very red hair and craggy red whiskers on his chin, made his appearance in the ball room. He was dressed rather shabbily, and looked hungry.

THE SUPPER ROOM was well filled throughout the entire evening. The entertainment was very fine indeed. Champagne cider flowed like water, and the viands were of the very best that Charleston and Columbia could afford.

A PIG'S PICKLED FOOT. The Major's eye glistened as it fell upon the prize, and he at once appropriated it and retired to a corner to eat it. The major had taken but two or three bites when Senator McIntyre entered the room, having upon his arm the young and beautiful Miss Lotie Rollin, to whom he is engaged to be married.

THE PIG'S PICKLED FOOT. The Senator approached and said: "Major did you get that from under a napkin on the table?" The Major—I did, sah, (bowing very profoundly).

BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE. Woman constantly sue men, commonly old men, always rich men, for breach of promise of marriage. Not uncommonly they get what they sue for—heavy damages. Now, nobody would object to a woman's recovering in such cases, a full indemnity for all actual, tangible, pecuniary loss, or expenditure.

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Struck by Lightning.

How it Feels—A Voice from the Shadow of Death.

The Chicago Tribune has the following from Rochelle, Ill.: On the evening of the tenth day of July, 1870, I was struck by lightning under the following circumstances: I am a farmer, and had gone to the pasture, three-fourths of a mile from the house, on horseback to drive home some cows. A heavy shower had just fallen, accompanied by much lightning and loud thunder, and a little rain was still falling—we would say it was 'sprinkling.' While riding through the field I discovered a small cluster of cockle burrs a noxious weed that infests many farms in this section of the country.

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING struck the horse, entering his head in and behind his left ear, tearing two holes in the skin behind the ear and though he was wet with the rain, the hair was singed from his head, neck and shoulders, and one front leg to the ground; he, of course, was instantly killed. A small portion of the electric fluid struck me on the right temple, singeing the lashes of the right eye, and slightly burning or scalding the face, rendering me unconscious for a little time.

A TROUBLED DREAM. In which I was hauling a load of hay in company with another person, and in spite of all the effort I could make to avoid it, the load of hay was about to fall on me. When in the dream I made a last desperate effort to spring from under the hay, I found myself standing on my feet. The first thing I observed was that the cattle, in fright, were running from me, and next, that I stood in front of the prostrate horse. Instantly I comprehended the situation, and listened to hear the thunder that should have accompanied the lightning, but no thunder could be heard.

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All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—The best thing out—An aching tooth. —Fino gold foars not the fire, nor solid stone the water. —Never attempt to form an opinion of a woman by her sighs. —Is a jolly-boar ever helped along by four roars of laughter? —If a farmer should lose his barn he would shed his (s) tears. —To make both ends meet, have the butcher take out the bone. —A man had better be poisoned in his blood than in his principles. —If you don't mean to mind your own business, it will not pay to advertise. —A drunken man can rarely walk in a straight line. He's more used to a ryalango. —Volago says when a frog was removed by a brooze, that it was a met taken obscuroly. —Some one asserts on good authority that the 'early bird' caught cold instead of a worm. —Amy Richardson, of Iowa, weighs 322 pounds. No man will marry her for fear of big-amy. —Harsh words are hailstones, which, if melted, would fertilize the tender plants they batter down. —We are told there is nothing made in vain. But how about a pretty girl? Isn't she made in vain? —Why is a man never knocked down against his will? Because it is impossible to fall unless inclined. —Advice to hunters:—If you shoot a duck you may, by jumping into the river after it, get two ducks. —A Chicago widow who has buried two husbands, insists that the law of the land entitles her to a third. —A paper called The Tobacco Plant, has recently been started in Liverpool. It must be a good paper for 'puffs.' —All efforts to make hay by gas-light have failed, but it is discovered that wild oats can be sown under its cheerful rays. —You have a very striking countenance, as the donkey said to the elephant, when he hit him over the back with his trunk. —The man who got wise by eating gage cheese, has a brother who proposes to become skillful in the fashionable dances by dieting on hops. —Dr. Walkingpeat is a Cincinnati physician. He might have his name changed to running sore, or falling sickness if he considered it an improvement. —I hate any thing that occupies more space than it is worth. I hate to see a load of hand-boxes go along the street, and I hate to see a parcel of big words without anything in them. —A traveler, we are told, being in a wild country, where he could find no provisions for himself or dog, cut off the dog's tail and boiled it for his supper, and gave the dog the bone. —Persons who are always cheerful and good-humored are very useful in the world; they maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper amongst all who live around them. —Mr. Constant, of Michigan, soaked his bed clothing with kerosene, got in and covered up and then set fire to it. This was his Constant habit till he died very shortly after he hit the first match. —Two tailors in Louisville quarreled about a sewing girl on Monday, and one of these stabbed the other with a pair of shears, inflicting two painful wounds which are serious but probably not fatal. —The eternal fitness of things is again illustrated by the purpose of affixing Grant's 'phiz' to the custom-house stamp on cigars. It is only meet that Ulyses I., should go down to posterity in 'smoke. —A Duluth paper says one of the streams running into Lake Superior, for the North, is called 'Temperance river, because it is the only one of all the tributaries of the Lake that has no bar at its mouth. —The Detroit papers have discovered a new method of driving away the orange grinders. Every day or two they have a small paragraph like this:—'Orange-grinders in Memphis make about about ten dollars a day.' —A citizen of Connecticut, being unexpectedly called upon to address a Sunday school, rose to his feet in some confusion, and after several desperate but vain efforts to say something appropriate, hoarsely murmured, 'Dear children, never fool with powder. —Charles Robinson and Charles Stevenson got into a light, over a game of pigeon-hole, at Jacksonville, Ill. Stevenson threw Robinson and got one of his thumbs in his mouth, whereupon Robinson seized Stevenson by the throat and choked him to death. Robinson was arrested. —Six weeks ago, Charles Stedman, of Tyngham, drowned three times that his little son was accidentally scalded to death, and as he had already lost three children, the dream made a deep impression upon him, and great care was taken that it should not come to pass; but it did so ten days since. —A short time ago Thomas Carlyle started an admiring American by telling him that 'you are rushing down to hell with a fearful velocity; the cum of the world has got possession of your country, and nothing can save you from the devil's clutches.' Not a very cheerful idea, but it, alas! is too true. —The Lancet says: 'It is a curious fact that of the passengers in the train which met with a terrible accident lately, all, or very nearly all, who were asleep at the time escaped uninjured—nature's anaesthetic inspiring them not only against fractures and contusions, but even against the bad effects of shaking and concussion.'